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OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE CONFIDANT.

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ONE of the most fertile sources of the unhappiness of female life, is an injudicious familiarity with servants.—How often do we see the naturally delicate mind of the mistress, sullied by the coarse vices of a favorite domestic! The blessings of beauty, birth and fortune, unworthily betrayed, for mercenary views; and the sacred harmony of the married state, broken by an infatuated attention to the malevolent insinuations of a designing or revengeful confidant.

The consequences of this ill-placed condescension and confidence, are too glaring to require being argued against; the very mention of them should be sufficient to strike the most inattentive heart; but as many are too indolent to make any remarks that contradict their passions, I must recommend the following story to their consideration, the circumstances of which, however extravagant they may seem, are literally true, and really softened, rather than exaggerated in the representation.

Belinda was a young lady of considerable fortune, who losing her father and mother while she was very young, was bred under the care of an aunt, from whom she had great expectations. This lady was far advanced in years, the weight of which, aggravated by a

long course of illness, confined her entirely to her room, and made her incapable of that minute inspection which the education of her niece required; though her fondness of her would not admit her being sent where she might have a more advantageous opportunity.

To remedy this, and soften the severity of confinement, the old lady placed a person, in whom she had confidence, to wait particularly upon Belinda, and have an eye to her conduct. Her name was *Flarlet*. She was but a very little older than her mistress, and of a temper so agreeable and engaging, that she soon gained so absolute an ascendancy over her, without seeming to design, or even know it herself, as to change her situation of a servant, for that of companion and confidant. While she enjoyed every pleasure of such a life, she fell violently in love with a gentleman whom she accidentally met one day in the street: natural presence of mind directed her to find out who he was, by sending the next chairman to follow him; but the discovery was far from encouraging any hope; he was a baronet of considerable fortune, though greatly injured by play, and an insatiable passion for intrigue.

This immediately shewed her the difficulties that must attend any attempt to obtain her wishes, in the way she desired, (for she was strictly modest)

but still her passion was so violent, that something must be done. In this distress, she fell upon a scheme, the oddest perhaps that ever entered into any human head, and which required the greatest address to execute; but love, that suggested the thought, sharpened her ingenuity, and steeled her resolution.

As she had learned that sir George's affairs were a good deal embarrassed, she judged that fortune was the only lure to bring him on: she therefore resolved to re-assume the name of Belinda, her ascendancy over whom left her no doubt of being able to manage her as she pleased; though she was sensible that it would require the most delicate address to elude his penetration. As the first motion must appear to come from him, she immediately sent him a letter, without any name, to acquaint him, that an application to Belinda's aunt, for leave to pay his addresses to her niece, would probably be attended with success. This she presumed for the old lady, from an anxiety which she had often heard her express, to see her niece settled; and for Belinda, she depended upon her own influence.

Sir George received this information, at a time when some particular distresses would have made him catch at one, much less advantageous, or probable; wherefore, as he was no stranger to Belinda's fortune, though he had never seen herself, he resolved directly to make the attempt; and accordingly wrote to her aunt for leave to pay her a visit the next evening. The old lady, who had been acquainted with his father, but knew nothing of the private distresses, or character of the son, was far from disapproving the proposal, and therefore returned a polite answer, "that his visit at her house would be no way disagreeable, though she was afraid her own bad state of health would not permit her having the pleasure of his company herself." She then informed Belinda of the affair, and desired her to prepare for his reception, which must be in the company of Flarriet, as she had no other acquaintance

sufficiently intimate, for such an occasion.

The surprise of Belinda, at this information, was not greater than the anxiety of her maid, on seeing her hopes ripen so fast. As soon, therefore, as they were alone, instead of congratulating her on the news, she entered into a most affecting detail of the consequences of marriage upon interested views, and illustrated her arguments with so many instances, that she terrified her mistress, into a resolution, never to put her happiness to such an hazard. Though this was more than she wanted, she let her brood upon the thought till morning; when she changed her note, and displayed the joys of mutual love so feelingly, that she almost effaced the terrors she had raised before. When she had let her struggle some time, between these different emotions, "What (said she, as if by a sudden thought) what if some method could be found out, to discover the real sentiments of his heart? The consequence at stake is certainly worth the trial!" This thought was so pleasing to Belinda, that she embraced it most eagerly, but the difficulty was how to put it in practice. After a variety of schemes, every one of which confuted itself, "Suppose (said Flarriet) that we should exchange characters for a moment, & I personate you this evening; if he makes his addresses to me, without taking any notice of you, you may conclude that his motives are merely mercenary; but if your superior beauty should strike his attention, even in my inferior station, you may safely receive him to your heart."

The thought of making a conquest, by the sole power of her beauty, was so pleasing to Belinda, that she immediately gave into the scheme, resolving to direct her conduct by the rules of romance, in which she was deeply read: nor was there any great difficulty in it: her fondness had long taken pleasure in seeing her favourite as finely dressed as herself; and though she was not quite so handsome, a certain ease and grace in her manner and appearance, made

every character become her. All things were prepared accordingly, against sir George's arrival, when the fictitious Belinda performed her part in the most striking manner; the hope, which this success, in her first effort inspired, sparkling in her eyes, and elevating every motion; while a prying, anxious curiosity seemed to sink her mistress into the character she appeared in; though her beauty, even under so many disadvantages, struck his notice so strongly, that he could not forbear stealing some emphatical glances at her.

This first visit necessarily went off in general complaisance; but as soon as he was gone, "I have him, my dearest Flarier (said Belinda, embracing her in an extacy) the charming, dear man is my own! Did you not see his looks! happy contrivance! what anxious doubts hast thou delivered me from, by it." Though this was much more than Flarier had intended, she saw that if managed with proper art, it would greatly facilitate her design: she therefore took her cue directly, and replied, with the greatest appearance of pleasure, that it was the first wish of her heart to promote her mistress's happiness by any means; and that she was particularly glad, that the sudden success of this accidental thought, would make it unnecessary for her to appear any more in a character in which she was sensible that she was at best but an awkward foil, to a person, who appeared even in an inferior station. She would not have carried her hypocrisy so far, but that Belinda often interrupted her, with compliments and requests to continue the deception; to which she at length yielded, tho' with seeming reluctance.

There is something so bewitching in the nature of intrigue, that when once it is indulged, it is scarce possible to wean the mind from it. The vanity of Belinda was so flattered by the kind glances of sir George, which she looked upon as a genuine tribute to her beauty, that she resolved to improve the occasion, to an absolute conquest over his heart. As to her aunt, as she never left her room, it was easy to conceal

the progress of the scheme from her; and when the mystery should be unravelled by its success, there was no great danger of her anger.

In consequence of these resolutions, when sir George repeated his visit, the manner of his reception embarrassed him not a little; but some soft looks, which were interchanged between him and Belinda, determined Flarier not to lose a moment. In a visit or two more, therefore, when she thought their acquaintance sufficient for him to make a formal declaration, she made use of the superiority of her assumed character, to send Belinda upon some frivolous errand, to give him a proper opportunity. The knight, as she expected, improved the favourable moment, and made the most ardent professions, to which she could only return an assenting smile, when Belinda entered. But she resolved not to be prevented so, and therefore made a pretence to send her out again; when turning to her lover, "You see, Sir, (said she) how narrowly I am watched! let this account for my making so abrupt a declaration, which nothing else could have occasioned."—"Happy occasion (replied he, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his lips in rapture) happy is any occasion, that blesses my heart with such an acknowledgment."—"Hold Sir (returned she) suppress your transports, if they are sincere. Our case is most whimsically critical. This Flarier whom you see as my companion, is really a spy imposed upon me by my aunt; over whom she has such an influence, that, I blush to say, all my just expectations from her, depend, in a manner, upon this creature's favour. Necessity compels me to break through forms; you must deceive her, before you can obtain me! She loves you herself; it will therefore be necessary for you to pretend a passion for her, to elude her vigilance. If you think the prize worth this trouble, I believe it may be successful. I hear her coming, and shall give you an opportunity to speak to her; if you drop the remotest hint of what I have said, you are not the person I take you for;



and however distressing it may be to my heart at the time, I shall think such a discovery an happiness. She comes! Judge not the worse of me, for an openness, which has a real merit, at least to you."

Belinda just then entered, and telling Flariet, that she could not find what she had been sent for, the latter made an excuse to sir George, and pretended to go for it herself. As he knew her design, he directly addressed Belinda, in the warmest terms, which, being quite unexpected, put her a good deal off her guard; but Flariet, who did not think it necessary to leave them too long together, returned, and relieved her confusion. The mine was now sprung; but hopeful as her prospect was, it was liable to be broken by so many accidents, that she was resolved to improve the first favourable moment, and therefore one day, when her lover was uncommonly pressing to lay his proposals in form before her aunt, she told him, with a tender look, and a sigh, "That it was in vain to hope for her consent, while Flariet should have any possibility of flattering her own romantic passion, by opposing it"—"Suppose then (answered he) that we should cut all her hopes short by a private marriage! what do you think of this scheme?"—why really (replied she, blushing) that it is the only probable one, but for one objection"—"And pray what may that be?"—Only my firm resolution against private marriage."—But positive as her words were, the look and accent with which she spoke them, did not discourage his attempting to persuade her to meet him that very evening at *May Fair*, which she at length consented to.

He then took his leave, upon a pretence of business, and went to prepare for his marriage; for though he was not convinced of the certainty of the old lady's being reconciled, so easily as her imaginary niece represented, the fortune which he knew to be immediately in Belinda's own possession, was an object well worthy of his attention. When he had been gone some little time, Flariet pretended business to go out,

and leaving Belinda with her aunt, went to the appointed place, where she found her eager lover waiting for her, ready to complete her wishes, as soon as some equally impatient pairs, who had been there before them, should be joined.

Flariet was scarce gone out, when an acquaintance of Belinda's called upon her to go and see her married to a gentleman whom she had long loved. This was a request which she could not refuse; as, next to the pleasure of one's own wedding, is that of being confidant to a friend's. She therefore went, only leaving word for Flariet to follow her to that lady's. But fortune designed that they should meet elsewhere. It happened that Belinda's friend was to be married at the same place with sir George and Flariet; where, upon their arrival, they were told that his reverence would do their business as soon as he had despatched one couple, just then standing up, before him. Curiosity naturally led them to ask the names of the happy pair, but what was Belinda's surprise to hear the man answer, *sir George Freelove*—sir George Freelove (exclaimed she, in amaze) "can it be possible?—And pray good Sir, what is the lady's name?"—*Bell*: *Indor* I think "I heard him call her," (replied he)—"Good heaven! can it be possible?"—Then flinging herself out of the coach, she rushed into the chapel, where she actually saw her lover and her false friend standing at the altar, and the ceremony just beginning. It is easy to judge of the situation of Flariet, at the sight of her mistress; her surprise was so great, that she shrieked out, just as Belinda fell into a swoon. Sir George, looking about in astonishment, no sooner saw Belinda, than he directly attributed Flariet's alarm to her surprise at being discovered, as he did Belinda's swooning to the disappointment of her passion; so turning coolly to the priest, desired him to proceed in his office. Though this was some encouragement to Flariet, yet, as she thought it would be impossible for the ceremony to be finished, before Belinda

should recover, she insisted upon removing to some place, where they should not be exposed. As the chapel was very full of people, and they all in confusion at this accident, he thought it proper to comply, and was preparing to go away, when poor Belinda recovered.—“Hold, sir George Free love! hold, I conjure you, as you regard your own happiness (exclaimed she in a kind of phrensy) whither are you going with that impostor?”

Whatever diffidence Flariet might have felt before, this name raised a resentment that determined her to make a last effort of over-bearing the accusation of Belinda. “What, Sir, (said she, with a look of indignation) do you pause? are you affected with what such a creature says? As for you, ingrateful wretch, I discharge you my service this moment. Let me never see your face more.” Then pulling out her purse, she threw some gold to the man who kept the door, “There, honest man (said she) take that, and convey that woman to the mad house. She is my own servant, who has lost her senses, for love of this gentleman.”—Astonishment at this behaviour had bereft Belinda of power to make any reply; and the mob were just laying hold of her, as Flariet was going off in triumph; when the gentleman, who came with Belinda, came into the chapel; “What can this mean (said he, thrusting them aside) who dares use a lady of fortune & distinction in this manner?” Then seeing Flariet, whom he knew, “What is the matter, Mrs. Flariet? what ails your lady?”—Such an address could not escape the notice of sir George, who turning to the gentleman, with an air of fierceness, “Do you know that lady, Sir, whom you address in so familiar a manner?”—“Yes, Sir, very well; she is woman to this lady.”—“Take care, Sir!”—“Do you take care, Sir, that you have not done something, which you may have cause to repent of!”—By this time Belinda’s friend came into the chapel, the sight of whom struck Flariet with such fear, that she was able to support it no long-

er, but throwing herself at her mistress’s feet, implored her pardon, and confessed her whole design.

It is impossible to express the confusion which Belinda and sir George felt at this scene! They saw how they had been the dupes of their own designs; and unable to bear the ridicule, which they knew must follow the detection, went directly to their several homes. Whatever sentiments the knight’s heart might now feel for Belinda, when he saw that interest assisted the impression, which she had before made upon his inclination, his resentment made him resolve to drop all thoughts of her. He therefore settled his affairs in the best manner he could, and set out directly for the army, then in Flanders; where he fell in the first action he was in. As for Belinda, her sufferings had not so speedy an end; the sting of public infamy, aggravated by the incessant reproaches of her aunt, made her determine to retire into the country, where she languished some unhappy years, a prey to conscious shame and despair; while the guilty author of all this mischief, unable to gain admission into any other family, was driven by necessity into a life of public vice and infamy.

#### NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Continued.)

He then proceeded to relate the following circumstance of the marshal, as the accidental topic of the moment.

“The preservation of the army, on crossing the Danube, was boldly attributed by the soldiers who composed it, and consequently re-echoed as the opinion of the nation, to the superior skill, and persevering courage of Massena. It appears, that a sudden and impetuous inundation of the river had destroyed all possible communication between its right and left bank, when half the French force had passed it. The remaining half were without ammunition, when Massena threw himself into the village of Estling, where he withstood fifteen repeated attacks of the Austrians, and effected

the escape of that part of the French army from the destruction which threatened it. The eulogiums which the army and the nation lavished on Massena, for his conduct and the successes which crowned it, partook of that clamorous character which implied no inconsiderable degree of blame and censure on Bonaparte himself, who was supposed to have felt it. But he contrived, nevertheless, to dissipate the opinion, by conferring the title of prince of Estling on Massena, as the merited reward, and magnanimous acknowledgment of a service on which depended, for the moment, the success and honorable issue of the campaign. Soult, he said, was an excellent officer, and Ney, brave to a fault; but Suchet possesses a more powerful intellect, with more enlarged information and political sagacity, as well as more conciliatory manners, than any of the marshals of France.

He then mentioned admiral Ganthaume, and asked what character was assigned, in the English newspapers, to that naval officer. I replied, that they gave him no small credit for his spirit in advancing out of port, and his success in getting back again. 'Yes,' he answered, with a significant look and tone, 'good at hide and seek.'—He was the friend of Louis, and then of Napoleon, and then of Louis again: he is, in fact, what you call the Vicar of ———. I assisted him in completing the verbal expression, by adding the word —Bray; which he immediately caught, and exclaimed, —'Aye, aye, He is the vicar of Bray.—He is an old man,' the count added, 'but his indiscretions,' which, however, he did not particularize, 'were rather of a juvenile nature.'

In the afternoon our chief passenger continued longer on deck than he had done before, and his countenance denoted a feeling of disquietude. His questions all related to the state of our progress, and marked an impatience to arrive at the termination of his voyage. He probably experienced some degree of inconvenience from his confined situation, having been long accustomed to exercise that bordered upon violence. His appearance, I understand, was rather meagre, till about the time that he became first consul. If he had been otherwise, his campaigns in Egypt were sufficient to have reduced him: but though his exertions both mental and corporal have since been such as to destroy any constitution but his own, which must have been of an extraordinary internal texture to have enabled him to sustain them, his health has rather been improved than impaired: and, during the last ten years, he has gradually advanced into corpulence.

It is a singular circumstance that count Montholon, whom I have already mentioned as one of the imperial aides-de-camp, is the

son of a general officer of that name, whom Bonaparte served in the same capacity during the revolutionary war.—All the family, except his father and himself, have been decided royalists, and are possessed of large property: but the general is dead, while the son has sacrificed fortune, and abandoned his family, to share, with his wife and child, the exiled state of his former sovereign; whom it is his pride still to love and serve under that title, and with all the feelings of duty and loyalty which his enthusiastic fidelity attaches to it.

I give you madame Bertrand's description of young Napoleon, as very beautiful, in order to introduce his father's laconic English account of him. The boy, he says, resembles him only in the upper part of his form. 'He has one grand big head.' The same lady, speaking of the Bonaparte family, represents the female part in terms of no common admiration. With the exception of the princess Piombina she describes the sisters as possessed of extraordinary beauty; with these charming women, therefore, and to use the expression of the grand, big head of them all, I shall conclude my second grand big letter.

&c. &c. &c.

W. W.

AT SEA, ———

MY DEAR ———,

I HAVE already, I believe, mentioned to you that it was thought a becoming attention to the feelings of the French party to withhold from them the sight of the newspapers, which were sent off to us before we sailed.

Count Bertrand took an opportunity to ask me if I had perused them; and, on my replying, as you may suppose, in the affirmative, he proceeded to question me as to their contents. I accordingly informed him, that they had observed on the secret visit he was believed to have made to Paris, previous to Napoleon's return to France. His countenance on my communicating this circumstance, instantly indicated a strong feeling of resentment; and it was evidently disclosed by the manner in which he replied. 'I well know' he said, 'that the English news papers have accused me of visiting Paris in disguise, some months before the emperor's departure from Elba. But I solemnly declare that I never set my foot in France in the way that has been attributed to me. I might have gone to Italy, if I had pleased, but I did not quit Elba for a moment till my emperor quitted it. It has also been asserted on similar authority, That I had taken an oath of fidelity to the king: an assertion that is equally groundless; for I never once beheld a single individual of the Bourbon family of France.'



I give you the account of Bonaparte's return to France, as it was casually and briefly related to me.—The duke de Bassano was the chief actor. Individuals had gone from several departments in France to Elba, and the then emperor had been introduced to suspect that the allies determined to send him to the island to which he is now destined. On what authority this apprehension was grounded, not the most distant idea was communicated. It is certain, however, that he entertained it with such seriousness, as to induce him to make the resolute attempt in meditation, before the connecting plot was ripe for overt measures in France. Even after his little army was embarked, a despatch arrived from his friends, which contained the most earnest entreaties to postpone his enterprise, if it were only for one month. Whether, if he had received them before he had quitted the island, they would have been sufficient to check his impatience and quiet his alarms, was not a subject of conjecture: but be that as it may, whatever the counsels were, they arrived too late to be followed:—the die was cast.

A circumstance occurred to-day which, as you may well imagine, created no small degree of interest among our passengers, as well as a busy scene of interrogation—a French brig, with the white flag flying, bore us company.

General Gourgon amused us with a variety of details respecting the campaigns in Russia and the Peninsula, which he himself witnessed: of these I shall only select two or three: for recitals which will enliven the monotony of a quarter-deck, may not be worth communicating to those who are surrounded with the varieties that are to be hourly found in the large circle of social life.—He described the intenseness of the frost in Russia with a degree of astonishment that afforded us some amusement. You may easily guess the wonderful contrast of situation, when a Frenchman, the native of so fine a climate & who had been serving in Spain, found himself transferred to a part of the globe, where the tears became globules of ice on his cheeks: and where the soldiers, stupified as it were by the cold, in the act of shaking themselves, to recover their feeling, would frequently fall down and instantly expire.

He also mentioned the following curious circumstance at the siege of Saragossa.—The French had mined a convent, where a body of Spaniards had taken refuge. The besiegers had no intention to destroy the building, but merely to blow up a wall, in order to frighten the besieged into a surrender. The explosion, however, extended further than was expected, and a consider-

able destruction of the Spaniards took place; but sixteen of them were described to escape, as you will acknowledge, in a most extraordinary manner. They, it seems, ascended the spire of the church, taking with them an ample supply of arms and ammunition, with which, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the French, they defended themselves with admirable gallantry and resolution for three days. But this is not all: at the end of that period it was discovered that they had made their escape from the perilous situation, to the extreme astonishment of the besieging party; who, as pious catholics, might be justified in attributing it to the saving interposition of the guardian saint of the convent. The means, however, which they employed were of mortal contrivance. By the aid of pack-thread which had been conveyed to them from an adjoining building, they contrived to draw up a sufficient quantity of ropes, with which they let themselves down from the elevated fortress, and effected their preservation. This I think, may be added to the numerous histories of Castles in the Air: or, if I dare venture any thing like a pun to you, of *Chateaux en Espagne*.

During the evening Napoleon addressed his inquiries to capt. Beatty of the marines, who speaks French with great fluency. They related to the regulations and discipline of the marine troops, &c. &c. Nor could he have chosen an officer who was better qualified to gratify his military curiosity on the subject which at this time employed it. Captain Beatty had served with sir Sidney Smith in the east, and was at the siege of Acre: an event that is not among Bonaparte's most pleasing recollections. When, however, he was informed of this circumstance, he treated it with great good humour, and seizing the captain by the ear, exclaimed in a jocular tone, 'Ah, you rogue, you rogue; were you there?'—He then asked what was become of sir Sidney Smith; when he was told that the gallant knight was at this time on the continent, and had submitted to the congress at Vienna to destroy the corsairs on the coast of Barbary, an instant reply was given, 'That it was, as it had long been, most disgraceful to the European powers, to permit the existence of such a nest of miscreants.' This opinion confirms, in some degree, what has been suggested respecting a proposition that Andreossi is said to have been instructed to make to our government, during the short peace with consular France. In this interval of hostilities, a notion is entertained that the first consul proposed a co-operating expedition between the two powers to destroy, root and branch, the piratical states of Barbary; on which occasion, as the story

goes, he offered to supply the military force, if England would engage to furnish all the naval implements, necessary to give effect to an enterprise so honorable to them both. If such propositions were actually made, there can be no doubt that sufficient reasons then predominated for hesitating in the acceptance of them; and the hasty renewal of the war put an end to all further deliberations, if any had ever existed, on the subject.

The next inquiries which Napoleon made, were respecting the British artillery service: they were addressed to the captain of artillery on board, whom he found completely qualified to answer the numerous questions which he addressed to him. I understand that his first entrance into the army was in the artillery corps, and the subject was consequently the more interesting, and a very few weeks only had passed away since he had fully experienced our field tactics in that branch of warfare. He descended into all the minutæ of the service, and inquired into the state and discipline of the non-commissioned officers, bombadiers, miners, and privates of every character. The education of the cadets were also scrutinized, and he particularly asked, if they were instructed by professors in mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, &c.—and in order that there might be a clear understanding as to the specific terms of art, he called the count de las Cases to assist in this scientific conversation. The only observations he made were those of surprise at our bringing twelve-pounders into the field, and the strength, as well as perfection, of this branch of the British military force, of which he seemed not to have entertained an adequate comprehension.

I premised, at the outset of my epistolary narrative, that you were to expect sudden transitions to very unconnected objects; and I now give you an almost laughable example, by passing from the artillery of England to the crown jewels of France, of which Bonaparte recovered, as I understand, but one article, which was a diamond cross, whose value was estimated at twelve thousands pounds sterling. I am also informed, that when Grouchy telegraphed the capture of the duke D'Angoulême in the south of France, an order was instantly returned, that whatever property was found in his possession, should be instantly restored to him.

You may probably have observed that our chief passenger does not make his inquiries at random. Indeed, he always addresses them to such persons as, from their official characters, are particularly qualified to give explanatory answers: or, which may be the most probable circumstance, the official

appearance of persons whom he accidentally encounters suggests the subject of his interrogations, as his curiosity directs itself to the apparent departments of those with whom he at any time converses. He might therefore, be induced to take me in my own way, when I was an object of his notice: and physic seems to be no unpalatable subject with him. He thinks very highly of exercise on horseback, as more conducive than any other to the preservation of health; and I have been informed that during his passage in the Bellerophon, and confident in the expectation that he should be received by our government, he frequently anticipated his enjoyment of the field-sports in England.

Every one remembers the threatened invasion of England in 1805, and the various conjectures which were formed on this momentous subject. It was not, according to my recollection, by any means, generally considered as practicable; nor did any very great apprehensions prevail that it would be attempted. I will, however give you my authority for the actual intention of carrying it into execution. Bonaparte positively avers it. He says that he had two hundred thousand men on the coast of France opposite to England, and that it was his determination to head them in person. The attempt, he acknowledged to be very hazardous, and the issue equally doubtful. His mind however, was bent on the enterprise, and every possible arrangement was made to give effect to its operations. It was hinted to him, however, that his flotilla was altogether insufficient; and that such a ship as the Northumberland would run down fifty of them. This he readily admitted: but he stated that his plan was to rid the channel of English men of war: and for that purpose he had directed admiral Villeneuve, with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to sail apparently for Martinique, for the express purpose of distracting our naval force, by drawing after him a large portion, if not all of our best ships. Other squadrons of observation would follow: and England might by these manœuvres, be left sufficiently defenceless for his purpose. Admiral Villeneuve was directed, on gaining a certain latitude to take a baffling course back to Europe, and having eluded the vigilance of Nelson to enter the English channel. The flotilla would then have sallied forth from Ostend, Dunkirk, Boulogne, and the adjoining ports. The intention was to have dashed at the capital, by the way of Chatham. He well knew, he added, that he should have had to encounter many difficulties: the object however, was so great as to justify him in making the attempt. But Villeneuve was met on his return by sir Robert Calder:



and having suffered a defeat, took refuge in Ferrol. From that harbor he was peremptorily ordered to sea, according to his original instructions: but contrary to their most imperative and explicit intent, he steered his course for Cadiz. 'He might as well,' exclaimed Napoleon—raising his voice, and increasing his impetuosity, 'he might as well have gone to the East Indies.'—Two days after Villeneuve had quitted his anchorage before Cadiz, a naval officer arrived there to supersede him. The glorious victory of Trafalgar soon followed, and the French admiral died a few days after his arrival in France: report says—by his own hand.

Having given such a specimen of his active spirit, I am about to surprise you, perhaps, by the information that this man, who, in the course of his career, seems scarcely to have allowed himself time to sleep, while he, for so many years kept the world awake, is now become the most decided sleeper on board the Northumberland. During the greater part of the day he reclines on a sofa, quits the card table at an early hour in the evening, is seldom visible before eleven in the morning, and not unfrequently takes his breakfast in bed. But he has nothing to do, and a novel will sometimes amuse him.

(To be continued)

From the New-York Daily Gazette.

## ON THE ANCIENT SALTNESS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LAKES.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Now, if the ridge of rock at Niagara Falls was one hundred feet higher than at present, it is evident from what has been stated, that the water could have no other discharge from those seas than through the Illinois River into the Mississippi, and perhaps no discharge at all. But salt water fish might ever have found their way annually up the Mississippi and Illinois, and down the Chicago River, and return if they pleased.

"But the most difficult part of the question, in deciding whether the water has been salt or not, is, whether evaporation be admitted to be sufficient to counterbalance the influx of hundreds of Rivers into the seas. If we could be-

lieve evaporation was sufficient to account for the water of so many rivers, I think we might satisfactorily show the source of supply of the muriate of soda, there being many springs highly charged with this salt, discharging into the American seas; besides other sources of supply. There are two springs on Saganna river, discharging into the Huron, of sufficient magnitude to satisfy me, if there were no other supply, that the whole mass of water might become sufficiently impregnated in a few centuries (if water produced any change,) to give the salt water character to its inhabitants, if there were no other discharge than evaporation. And it may be observed, that if the rock of Niagara was twenty feet higher than it now is, a great part of the country is so low, that the water would spread to such an extent as probably to make the surface two or three times larger than at present; and of course, the quantity of water evaporated would be in proportion to the greater surface. And upon observing the very small quantity of water discharging from the Erie, by the straits of Niagara, compared with the many times greater quantity flowing into the Superior, Huron, Michigan, St. Clair and Erie seas. And again, upon comparing the quantity of water passing through the straits of Niagara, with the quantity passing into the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec, by estimating the width, depth and velocity of each, we perceive that there is not so large a quantity of water passing in any given time through the latter as the former.

"The question has suggested itself to me, if a dam was made across the straits of Niagara, at the discharge of the Erie sea, twenty feet higher than the present surface of the water, whether the water in common would rise to the height of the dam, with the increase of surface, and proportional increase of evaporation.

"If stopping the discharge of water through the straits of Niagara, would not raise the water to a sufficient height to discharge through the Illinois river, I should be ready to subscribe to the doctrine of the ancient saltness of the wa-

ter of those seas, without farther inquiry. But, as we have not seen this experiment made, nor is it likely we ever shall, we must follow you in your resort to other sources of evidence ; & where we cannot furnish absolute demonstration, to supply the deficiency by conjecture.

"That many of the fish, tortoise, and fossil productions, have a family likeness to those who inhabit salt water, I can bear witness ; and it can be supported by the testimony of thousands.

"Another circumstance, that may aid in the investigation, is that the habitudes of the fish of those great inland waters, are the same in passing up the tributary rivers, in the spring, to cast their roe, as from the seas of salt water. It may be a greater convenience to the sturgeon, herring, &c. to have a large body of deep water for a winter's retreat, and rivers to resort to in the spring, to breed and rear their young, than the quality of saltness or freshness of the water.—The codfish, finned tortoise, and other "*oceanic animals*," may have chosen those seas for their residence from their great depth and extent, and therefore maintaining greater uniformity of temperature ; and I think it must be admitted to be choice, as there is a free passage open between the oceans of salt water and the fresh seas.

"Experiments have not been made, within my knowledge, to show that sudden changes of fish from salt to fresh, or fresh to salt water, is an inconvenience to them ; or that it produces any change in their constitutions. It is a matter of habit with many kind to make this change annually.

"I have made these observations to excite further inquiry ; and they are submitted to your discretion, to be given to the public, if you think they will have a tendency to produce that effect.

"This interesting part of the continent remaining unexplored by men of science, affords matter for volumes, if I had leisure and industry to give it to you.

"With the highest consideration,

Your friend and obedient servant,

B. F. STICKNEY.

"Dr. SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

## THE LADIES' FRIEND.

### ON PUBLIC PLEASURES.

PUBLIC pleasures are esteemed and called the amusements of women. But I think them far from answering the name. In fact they agitate, rather than relieve, and are more frequently sources of vexation than repose. Superior rivals eclipse ; fancied friends are inattentive, and the gaiety of the scene has no connexion with the quiet of the heart. The time, money, and preparation they require, are a serious consideration ; and their frequency renders them a business. Instead of preserving health, they undermine and destroy it. Late hours, hot rooms, and an agitated mind, are unfavorable to rest ; and the god of sleep will not long be defrauded of his rights, without retaliating the offence.

What we call pleasure, is but a splendid and a voluntary service. If it had not the name of amusement we should shrink from it, as an intolerable burden.

Who are so great slaves as the votaries of fashion ? What requires more systematical diligence, than the watching of every varying mode of dress, and "catching these living manners as they rise ?"

Of all women, they who call themselves fashionable, are the most unhappy ; ever idly busy ; ever vainly agitated ; their peace depends on a whisper, on a look, or a thousand little emulations, too ridiculous to be mentioned ! They dread a private moment more than an assassin, and with very great reason ; they cannot glance into themselves with comfort ; they cannot look into eternity with hope ! Reason suggests, that they were born for something higher, and there are moments when conscience will be heard.

How unheeded are the cries and prattle of their infants ! How unhappy must be the man, who has received from such women, vows which they will not perform, of fidelity & of attachment !

After all, it is only in the practice of virtue—it is only in domestic life, that lies all the solid, because all the untumultuous, joy.

## MONITORIAL.

DAILY experience evinces that the wheels of time are continually rolling on, that the moment which has passed, cannot be recalled—and who then can “discern between their right hand and their left” has not witnessed that death is near. “Our fathers, where are they, and the prophets do they live forever?” Since the creation, Adam, and millions innumerable of his posterity have entered the mansions of the dead, yet death is not satiated, nor the wheels of time stopped. The decrees of heaven cannot be disannulled. He who created the world, and established the order of nature, has also appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment.” Yet vast multitudes in this land of Bibles, and even in this age of wonders, live as though time were not moving, nor death approaching. Schemes are projected and plans formed, for securing and enjoying the pleasures, the honors, and the riches of the world, with as much ardour and assurance as though they were to possess them forever. “But O vain man, whomsoever thou art,” Thy time is short. It remaineth that they that buy, be as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away. If the thunder of the law, do not alarm thee, nor the harmonious strains of the gospel win thy affection, “know thou,” that the sentence has gone forth, “that dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.” Thy time is with the Almighty. He numbereth thy days, and may finish them, when thou “thinkest thy mountain standeth strong,” and “no evil can touch thee.” Remember that this fleeting moment carries you nearer your everlasting abode; nearer the mansions of eternal bliss, or the regions of interminable woe. The present is yours: but not a future moment can you call your own. Improve it as it passes.

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A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

## VARIETY.

## BONAPARTE

In his conversations with Mr. Warden relative to suicide, said he had too much courage to die by his own hand, and that he knew of no argument by which such an action could be justified. He fully adopts the sentiment contained in the English couplet,

When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

## A STRANGE GENEALOGY.

Mr. Williams of Doncaster, in the county of York, (England,) had, in the year 1760, two daughters, by his first wife. The eldest daughter married Mr. John Willey the son; and the youngest daughter married John Willey the father.—This elder Willey had a daughter by his first wife, who old Williams married; by her had a son:—Therefore the elder Willey's wife could say—my father is my son, and I am my mother's mother, my sister is my daughter and I am grandmother to my brother.

A singular occurrence took place between man and wife—a separation in which there is neither information, pleading, judges nor tribunals!—two vessels, a Dutch and a Russian, were navigating in the Cattegat, in the night, with so little precaution, that they got foul of each other—the noise of the sailors swearing, awoke the Dutch captain's wife, who, in her fright, run on deck in her shift, and went on board the Russian, for fear the vessel she was in might upset—the vessels then separated. Unfortunately the Russian was bound to the Mediterranean, and the Dutchman to Copenhagen! So that the Dutch captain, on his arrival at Copenhagen the next day, found himself separated from his wife, a distance of several hundred leagues, without being able to obtain her.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE PAST.

"Often does the memory of former times,  
come, like the evening sun, on my soul."

OSSIAN.

My nineteenth sun is now past rising,  
And boyhood's course will soon be run;  
Remembrance long will dim the horizon,  
When manhood shall display its sun.

For in those days of youth and pleasure,  
The days which long I shall deplore,  
I lost the greatest earthly treasure,  
Which no repentance can restore.

'Twas knowledge—and what earthly treasure—

What blessing can with it compare!  
The source of never-ending pleasure—  
Our polar star where e'er we bear.

Improvement oft, her glittering pinion,  
Across my wandering mind, has spread;  
But still I shun'd her mild dominion,  
And bow'd to pleasures in its stead.

The die is cast—and now forever  
In darkness rolls my future years;  
No star of hope—ah fond deceiver!  
To guide my loathsome way appears.

Remembrance cease! oh, cease recalling,  
The moments I shall long deplore;  
Let tears of sorrow ever falling,  
Remind me of the past no more.

And yet remembrance, while recalling  
The pleasures of the past to mind,  
Will sometimes stop the tear from falling,  
And in remembrance pleasure find.

But soon alas! the fancied vision,  
Like light'ning's flash, darts from my sight,  
And leaves behind, in dark illusion,  
The transient form of past delight.

EXPERIENCE.

From a London Magazine.

### AN APRIL DAY.

BEHOLD! with glory crown'd,  
The rising sun appears!  
While nature smiling, all around,  
A cheerful aspect wears.  
A sweet perfume the gardens yield,  
And verdant honours clothe the field.

But, ah! in one short hour,  
How chang'd the prospect is!  
The clouds with threatening aspect lour,  
And furious tempests rise!  
Such sudden changes often may  
Be seen upon an APRIL day.

Thus, oft, with gilded rays,  
The morn of life begins;  
With plenty bless'd, by friends caress'd,  
How fair the prospect shines!  
Whilst health and active strength endure,  
We fondly think our bliss secure.

And yet alas! how soon  
The pleasing landscape fades!  
Our health, and friends, and fortune gone,  
We sink into the shades,  
Like withering grass our joys decay,  
For life is but an APRIL day.

Thus, in religion, too,  
When God his grace imparts,  
What glorious prospects rise to view!  
What pleasure fills our hearts,  
And whilst with joy our cup runs o'er,  
We think we shall be mov'd no more.

So strong our mountain stands,  
'Till God his face conceal:  
Then comfort flies, temptations rise;  
And sore distress we feel;  
'Till we are e'en constrained to say,  
Our frames are like an APRIL day.

Such changes oft we know,  
While in this vale of tears,  
Where now elate with joy we go,  
Now overwhelm'd with fears,  
Yet, tho' our spirits often droop,  
We still indulge a pleasing hope;  
That, when releas'd from care,  
We bid the world farewell,  
Our souls unfading bliss shall share;  
And in those regions dwell,  
Where God his boundless glory shall display  
In one unclouded everlasting day.

## TO POVERTY.

Oh, Poverty! thou hag forlorn!

Whence in the name of wonder didst thou  
come?

Of what curs'd monster wast thou born?

What impious frolic made this earth thy  
home?

Thou such an hideous scare-crow art,

Man, at the name of thee, a panic feels;  
Thinks thee at hand, and runs—my heart!  
Like folk with a mad bullock at their  
heels.

The mere perchance of meeting thee

Has sent to Bedlam many and many a one:

Some e'en to Death's embrace will flee,

Thy hated hug, O, Poverty! to shun.

Ay! scores, (as all the world doth know,)

Midst coffers full of gold, to feast their  
eyes on,

(Their brains by thee being bother'd so)

Have flown to razors, ropes, and, eke, to  
poison.

Yet though so comical a creature,

Thou and poor I have liv'd so long to-  
gether,

That, Dame, to me thy ev'ry feature

Is grown familiar—not admir'd much,  
ne'ther.

There are who preach about thy uses,

That hold the up to view as beauty's  
queen;

But, for his own part, seldom one sees

Aught in thee so *desirable*, I ween.

Yet, if there should be one, which much I  
doubt,

Thinks thee so *pretty*, pr'ythee, tack about,  
As soon as may be, and go find him out.

## A PROFESSIONAL

## DECLARATION OF LOVE.

ALLOW me, dear nymph, sweetest treasure,

My love and my passion to show,

Of sorrows and griefs to *take measure*,

In cadence and numbers of woe.

Thy face when I saw, fair and rosy,

Young Love shot his arrows with art;

Indeed there remains yet a posse,

Which stick like sharp *awls* in my heart.

Of shoes made or mended by me,

Spanish leather is my greatest cross,

For tears dropping fast and so free,

Deprive soon the *stuff* of its gloss,

I sigh as my work I'm attending,

My voice is despondent and hoarse;

And e'en (though its strange) when I'm  
*mending*,

I protest I am twenty times worse\*

May pity your feelings but move,

T'assuage my sad passion and smart;

O! grant a return to my love,

And *peg* up the *holes* in my heart.

I swear by my *last*, *awls*, and *strap*,

By my *lap-stone* and soft *rozin ball*,

Good fortune or bad be my hap,

I'll love you before woman all.

The *sole* from the *welt* it may sever,

The *heel-top* in pieces may fall;

Yet steady I will be for ever,

Till Death in my breast *stabs* his *awl*.

Be pliant and soft as *calf-leather*,

Nor let my fond flame be denied;

In wedlock let's *tack'd* be together,

Nor stiff be and hard as *neat's hide*.

If rejected my flame is, so true,

And you wont become soon my wife,

My *last end* approaches in view,

Despair *cuts* the *thread* of my life.

MARTINUS CRISPINUS.

\* When I am mending old shoes I can be  
more profuse in my tears, as there is then no  
danger of my spoiling the leather.

## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moon beam's smile,

Yon little billow heaves its breast,

And foams and sparkles for a while,

And murmuring then retires to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,

Rises on time's eventful sea,

And having swell'd a moment there,

He melts into eternity.

## EPIGRAM.

Thy nag's (the leanest thing alive)

So very hard thou lov'st to drive;

I heard thy anxious coachman say,

It costs thee more for *whips* than *hay*.

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1817.

## Intelligence.



HIGHLY INTERESTING LAW CASE.

On Tuesday came on for trial before his honor the Mayor at the court of general sessions of the peace for this city and county, an indictment found at the same court, against Isaac Roget, (the only defendant taken) for uniting with J. B. Daulmery (of the house of Hutchinson & Daulmery) and P. Lefevre\* in a conspiracy to defraud the underwriters. This cause from the nature of the transaction, and particularly, from the standing in society of Isaac Roget, for many years a French merchant in this city, and generally considered here a man of respectability, excited more interest than any one that has taken place for many years. The trial began at 11 o'clock A. M. and lasted till past 4 on Wednesday morning: more than 17 hours. The following are the principal facts that appeared in evidence:

That the schooner Ocean, being in France,† and up at Havre-de-Grace, in December last, for Boston, and the defendant being in this city, with others here, and some persons abroad, entered into a conspiracy to make a false insurance upon her and her cargo, consisting, as they stated, of dry goods and plaister of paris, but in reality of stones and rubbish; and actually insured \$12,000 here, \$10,000 in Boston, \$30,000 in Paris, besides other sums in London and elsewhere, and then caused her to be sunk at sea. It appeared, however, that the piece of roguery from which they calculated to derive the greatest profit, was from an ingenious deception practised upon the custom-house at

Havre. This deception was managed in the following manner: They first entered at the custom-house, say 30 boxes of goods, amounting to \$30,000, and procured the necessary stamps upon the boxes; but, then, instead of putting the boxes on board, they only carried them to some private place, where they removed the goods into other similar boxes, provided for the purpose, and supplied their place in the stamped boxes, with rubbish of the same weight; which was so ingeniously done, by splicing the ropes, &c. &c. as to elude suspicion:—These boxes were then put on board the schooner, as so many boxes of dry goods, with the custom-house stamp, which secured them from all further inspection. Having thus succeeded with the first 30 boxes, they filled a second 30 with the same goods which had once been entered, and a second time procured the stamp of the custom house; then, a second time, they removed these boxes to some private place, where they in like manner rifled them of their genuine contents, and, filling them with stones, as before, they closed them neatly up again, and shipped them on board. In this way they repeated the deception on the custom-house, until they had obtained its stamp upon 97 boxes of stones, and shipped them on board as dry goods. Having thus loaded the schooner, their next step was to provide for the lives of the innocent and unsuspecting crew, when the vessel should go to the bottom: For which purpose, they procured a clinker-built boat, sufficient to hold them all, with provisions and other necessities; and, thus equipped, they wrote to their friends in this country an account of their success, that they might do the needful, at the different insurance offices: & then set out upon their voyage.

After meeting with some rough weather, which caused them to delay the execution of their purpose, for fear of their lives, they, at length, after two abortive attempts, which failed through the vigilance and activity of the mate, succeeded in scuttling her, in a smooth

\* Commonly called Peter Favours.

† The conspiracy began a twelvemonth sooner, just before the Ocean left this country.



sea, on the 25th of Feb. about 9 in the evening, in lat. 26, 30, N. and long. W. 60, 10, when they shaped their course for the nearest land, which was the Bahama Islands, distant about 500 miles, and arrived at Nassau the 3d of March.

R. H. Wolcott, the mate, who was not let into the secret, swore, that the first time the alarm was given, that the vessel was sinking, he exerted himself, contrary to the remonstrances of Favours, and succeeded in getting a sail under the bottom, by means of which, they were able to clear her hold of water, so that he could examine the leak; when he found her bottom bored with auger holes, which he plugged; but, that advantage was taken of his being aloft with most of the crew, to bore others in another place, which was the cause of her sinking. But the principal witness in the cause was Lefevre himself, one of the conspirators and acquainted with the whole transaction from its origin, through all the steps of its progress down to the present time. The testimony which this man, who discovered a great share of intelligence, gave, was so clear, so consistent, never involving himself in contradiction, or even discovering the least embarrassment, though closely and severely cross examined by able counsel, that he commanded universal belief.

It ought to be mentioned that the person the conspirators first attempted to corrupt, was one J. A. Dursseau, a Frenchman, who seems to have listened to the proposals, but upon reflection, not only refused to be concerned, but disclosed the meditated fraud to Mr. W. Lovett, of this city, in July last, to F. Depau, and to several insurance companies in Boston. In the course of the trial, facts came out that induced strong suspicions that the defendant and some others had long been engaged in similar frauds, particularly in the sinking of the brig Mary some years ago.

The counsels in this highly interesting case were, Messrs. Emmet, Hoffman, on the part of the insurance company, and Fisk, U. S. D. attorney, and Max-

well, D. A. for the state, and for the defendant, Colden and D. B. Ogden. We were not present, but understand there was a great display of bar eloquence on both sides on the occasion.

The jury retired about half past four and returned into court just after five, with a verdict of GUILTY.

Mr. Roget's amiable wife and sister, together with five or six children were present the whole time: The sight of these two highly interesting & wretched females and one of them, Mrs. R. in a situation of all others the most affecting, surrounded too by her children, could not fail to create so powerful an effect on the minds of the court and jury, that nothing short of the most satisfactory testimony, and a due sense of the stern obligations they were under, could have produced his conviction.

N B. The names of others concerned with Roget, but who are absent, or not yet arrested, are, from prudential motives, concealed.—*Evening Post.*

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## NUPTIAL.

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### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Milnor, Mr. Peter Thompson, to Miss Caroline G. Clossman of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. James Jarvis to Mrs. Anna Cook.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Jerdon Seaman, to Miss Martha Sammis.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Calvin Condit, to Miss Sarah Douglass Ogilvy.

By the rev. Dr. Connolly, Mr. John Glancey, to Miss Bridget Cunningham.

By the rev. Mr. Scofield, Mr. David Mathewson, to Miss Sarah Carson, daughter of the rev. James Carson, of this city.

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## OBITUARY.

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The City Inspector reports the death of 31 persons in this city during the week ending on the 12th inst.

### DIED.

Mr. Sidney Whelpley, aged 20.

Mr. John Powers aged 26.

Mrs. Lavina Wardell, aged 42.

Capt. James Sandford.

## TO THE LAST OF THE VOWELS.

*Dear Brother*--I have not heard from *U* lately so often as I used to, before *U* was dismissed from many of your employments by Noah Webster. Though *u* are not in *favor*, at present, with your superiors or your neighbors, yet you are always in security, and have still a respectable share in the public purse without any thing to do with *labor*--by which it would seem that *u* must be concerned in a sinecure.

But I took up the pen to complain of my grievances. You know that among my posts *I* claim two in the word imminent, one at the head and one near the centre of this formidable detachment of letters; which word you know is often placed in the front of danger, and peril, and hazard. Now *u* must know that *i* have been shamefully used by the printers, or their devils, who frequently displace me from this post of honor at the head of this word and place my brother *e* there: by which means writers are often thrown into "eminent danger," by these blundering typographers. But this is not all: they frequently *press* me into foreign service in which *u* ought to be employed.--If a writer has occasion to mention an "ingenuous character," it is ten to one that *i* am forced by these fellows into the place where *u* ought to be, and the writer is made to say "ingenious character;" thus transferring to the head the compliment that was meant for the heart.

It would seem in the first case, that these men are overstocked with *e*'s--(though they deny that the printer's business abounds with *ease*)--and in the second instance, that they can find no more *i*'s than they can *u*'s--(though one would think, by their blunders, that they had no *eyes* at all. I think it would be no more than justice if *i* and my brother *e* and *u* should resign and bid them adieu, and see if they could find any body fit to serve in lieu of us. I think we have it in our power to make them feel our consequence, by withdrawing our services; and if *u* and *i* and brother *e* should refuse to acquiesce any longer in their

impositions, and abandon them forever, they could have no quiet afterwards.--Indeed I believe *u* and *i* alone could quickly do them up by quitting them. Though *i* never was in *haste* any more than *u*, yet *i* must be doubly industrious, for an egotistical traveller's narrative is going to press, which is to be related in the first person; and you know, in such cases, no one will be more frequently called on, or more busy, than *I*.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

## ANSWER

to *Wilhelmina's Charade* in our last.

A *St.* most surely claims an immortal state:  
*Helena* 'twas who caus'd the Trojan war,  
 To *St. Helena*, Boney's doom'd by fate,  
 A prisoner safe, in Britain's power.

SIFRID.



Answer to *W*-----a's Charade in our last

The *Lark* is hear'd at early dawn,  
 Hailing, with lively notes, the morn--  
 A *spur* most sure's the horses foe:  
*Lark spur's* the flower you'd wish to know.

SIFRID.



## CHARADE.

The last you'll find to be my *first*,  
 Which appears to be a wonder,  
 My *second* is the smaller share,  
 My *whole* is without number.

S. P. D. R. P.



## AN ENIGMA.

'Tis me that oft inspires the breast,  
 And steals away the nightly rest,  
 Oft bring despair and death to light,  
 Tho' often sought, I'm free from sight.

WILHELMINA.

## THE MUSEUM

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